

# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. TWO

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JULY 13, 1926

TEN CENTS

## COMPENSATION

ROBINSON JEFFERS

SOLITUDE that unmakes me one of men  
In snowwhite hands brings singular recompense,  
Evening me with kindlier natures when  
On the needled pine wood the cold dew condense  
About the hour of Rigel fallen from heaven  
In wintertime, or when the long night tides  
Sigh blindly from the sanddune backward driven,  
Or when on stormwings of the northwind rides  
The foamscud with the cormorants, or when passes  
A horse or dog with brown affectionate eyes,  
Or autumn frosts are pricked by earliest grasses,  
Or whirring from her covert a quail flies.  
Why even in humanity beauty and good  
Show, from the mountainside of solitude.

## MADAME SCHEYER TO LECTURE HERE ON "BLUE FOUR"

IN co-operation with Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous, who have offered the use of their new and attractive studio for the purpose, The Cymbal has arranged with Madame E. E. Scheyer, now in San Francisco, to lecture in Carmel on "The Blue Four" artists whose work is considered the highest exposition of the so-called "modern art".

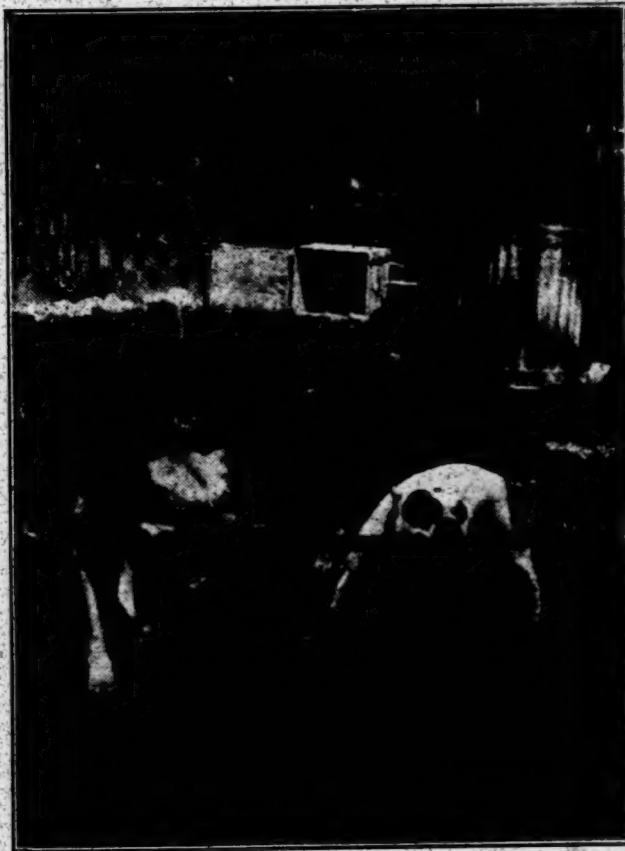
Her lecture will be given at the Denny and Watrous studio on the evening of Thursday, July 29. Tickets, at one dollar, will be on sale beginning with the first of next week and may be obtained at The Cymbal office and at other points to be announced later. The studio accommodations are limited and it is desired that those who have a particular interest in the subject are given the opportunity to hear Madame Scheyer. Therefore, although the tickets will not be available until the first of the week, those who wish to attend are requested to notify The Cymbal by telephone, Carmel 13, or Miss Denny or Miss Watrous, Carmel 361.

In order that the public may get an idea of how fascinating is Madame Scheyer's subject, The Cymbal is re-printing, on another page of this issue, the article on "The Blue Four", written especially for this paper by Gene Hailey of the San Francisco Chronicle editorial staff and originally published in these columns on June 8.

Lieut. C. L. Conlon, retiring from the army, is entering the Carmel real estate business and will be associated with A. T. Shand. C. T. Hecker, who was associated with Shand, will maintain an office at the same location. The offices are now in the process of re-decoration.

## Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number One



THIS is a picture of Jimmie Dugan Bostick engaged in his favorite outdoor sport of playing with his girl friend, Cyra Vye. Jimmie is the original of "Little Jimmie" in the "Reg'lar Fellers" cartoons and formerly belonged to Gene Byrnes who occupied for a number of years the stone house at Monte Verde and Eighth, still his property.

Jimmie has now taken up his perma-

(Turn to Page Twelve)

## GAWPY GULPS 'EM IN EAST

ROBERT Hestwood returned this week from New York with glowing accounts of the reception of Gawpy in the East.

Gawpy, the fledgling pelican from Carmel, made his bow to the New York editors, connoisseurs of art, psychologists, bookmen and society in general. He bowed once, bowed twice and then kept bowing for he was received with acclaim wherever he went.

Beaney to Bob: "Well, what did they think of Gawpy in New York?"

Bob to Beaney and the rest of the throng: "Gawpy is all puffed up. They think he is a work of art. I was a little embarrassed for they insisted that the Print Department of the Metropolitan Museum should look him over. Maybe he is a work of art, I don't know. I always thought of him merely as a lot of fun for children. I never dreamed of him fitting about a museum. The American Printer wants to talk about him in its pages and show his picture because he is so unusually different. This 'work of art' stuff is all new to me, but if the people keep on insisting that Gawpy IS a work of art I may even believe it myself. One art editor, a Bavarian who was at one time on the staff of Simplissimus, told me that I should be in Europe; that I was fifty years ahead of my time in this country and I told him that I didn't know about the people in the East, but that in the West I had found a vast number of people who could appreciate and enjoy a bit of subtle humor as readily as the more obvious forms of wit. Someone said to me that they were not sure but that Gawpy was enjoyed as much by the grown-ups as by the children, and I had to agree that I had seen gray.

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

## FIRE FIGHTERS ASK YOUR AID

Contributions to the social fund of the Carmel Fire Department, a purely and exclusively volunteer fire-fighting organization, are asked by members of the department from the merchants and property owners of the city.

The campaign will be made next week, which has been designated as "Fire Department Week", but contributions may be sent in at any time, either to R. F. Ohm, secretary of the department, Box 32, or to The Cymbal.

The Cymbal's list of contributions, which we hope will be greatly augmented in next week's paper, begins

The Carmel Cymbal.....\$10.00



# SON OF JIMMIE HOPPER BUILDS A HOUSE

By W. K. B.

**L**OOKING for Jimmie Hopper I recently came upon Jimmie Hopper's son in a clearing in the woods, and for a space of fifteen minutes forgot about the writer in an enthusiasm for the builder. For young Jimmie was surveying the day's work on the house he is building on Ninth avenue. I believe, if it were an avenue, and above Junipero. To be more exact, Jimmie was surveying two years' work on his house. He is sixteen years old and he began the construction of the house when he was fourteen and it is almost finished.

I learned that he had decided to build a house and rent it so that when he reached college he would have an income in rent from his handwork and could devote his attention to his studies instead of worrying about providing himself with the money to pursue them through periodic jobs. Jimmie thinks he can rent his house for \$60 or \$65 a month through the summer and at least for half of that in the winter months. There is every reason to believe, if one uses the present rent schedule in Carmel as a basis of reasoning, that he can do it.

The house is completely of chalk rock exteriorly and Jimmie brought every rock himself to the site of the building from the hills bordering the Carmel valley. The beams and window frames are of wood that was to a large extent rescued from the grinding waves and gnawing sand, which is an attempt to say poetically that it is driftwood. The floor

is partly of wood salvaged from the smouldering remains of his father's home which burned not long since. The plumbing fixtures he obtained through money earned or borrowed, the latter to be a part lien on the first few months' rent on the house when finished. The final plumbing adjustments he is compelled to leave to professionals as the price of the tools necessary to accomplish it is prohibitive.

But the fact remains that young Jimmie Hopper, now sixteen years old, a sophomore in the Monterey High school, has devoted all his spare time, including dim, grey hours of the early morning and deepening minutes of the waning day to the construction of his house, and he has done it alone and unaided. He built the fireplace after many discouraging defeats which resulted in a final and signal triumph, and it and its accompanying chimney stand as attractive monuments to his industry and his persistence. He built the roof and his care has made it impregnable to the ravages of the weather. He built the walls and they are "strong enough from robbers to defend".

The house is of one large and light living room, a kitchenette and a bath. It has, or will have, all modern conveniences, including electric wiring and floor plugs. It snuggles attractively among the trees. It will keep him during the lean four years of college.

There are no "quotes", you notice, from young Jimmie in this story. Jimmie doesn't talk much. Jimmie points at his house as

the spokesman, or he could so point if he were the kind who would, and it has a great deal to say about the something in humans now and then that makes being humans a pleasant sort of enterprise no matter how tantalizingly accurate be outrageous fortune.

Wrought Iron

**The Forge in The Oaks**

John Catlin

Carmel

## CARMEL GARAGE

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**A. CLAY OTTO**

DESIGNING OF ALL KINDS

STUDIO IN COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS



Gene Byrnes, the famous creator of the "Regular Fellers" syndicated comic, made this drawing for "Carmel at Work and Play", admittedly the most comprehensive book on Carmel.



## IN OTHER LITTLE THEATERS

By Sigurd Russell

SINCE my last visit to Carmel I have heard a great deal about the improvements and disimprovements going on there. The result in my mind has been that every street is paved and the poor artists are forced to use sewers and other pets of city councils. The sensationalists have informed me that the Sunday herds have flocked into Carmel to such an extent that it has been necessary to establish dance halls, and have merry-go-rounds, pop-corn stands and hot dog wagons everywhere. In fact, just before going on this trip I was greatly puzzled as to where to go: Coney Island, Laguna Beach, Venice or Carmel.

But what a pleasant surprise! Carmel is still as beautiful as ever. The charm still exists.

\* \* \*

The Little Theater movement down South is growing. And the commercial stage is very active. Two temples of the spoken drama are under construction in Hollywood and two in the center of Los Angeles. Musical comedies and reviews have been the most successful as far as the box office is concerned.

In the Little Theater field Frayne Williams is conducting his "Little Theatre" for the Southern branch of the University. Maurice Brown has been like a comet on the horizon. The Garret Players have given 200 one-act plays in a fearless atmosphere of Bohemia. The foreign theater has done splendid picturesque productions. It includes two Chinese theaters, one Japanese, German, Italian, Hungarian, Jewish and French. Clubs, churches

and independent groups have probably twenty producing units.

As far as my efforts are concerned they have to do with the Potboiler Art Theater which was started in 1922 as an art gallery in the basement of the Egan Theater and grew in entertainment and size as it moved from place to place on account of the landlord or the fire department.

We now have a theater holding 700 and a regular theater. Twenty-seven full length plays have been given in the past two years. In one group no one is paid, there are no officers, committees or dues. Being so near the motion picture industry many old-time actors are available and it is the aim to make the work as professional as possible.

As a result of being invited to move to Hol-

lywood, the Potboiler Theater is planning to build a large theater there. Edward Kuster, Irving Pichel and Gilmore Brown have been asked to act on an advisory board.

Greetings to you Carmelites. The work of your theaters has been an inspiration to us all.

An article in a San Francisco paper on books about California in the public library says: "There is a book of letters written in 1950 by William Gill to his wife, Harriet Tarleton, in Kentucky." We're used to the Sunday papers coming out on Saturday, but we think this is carrying it a little too far!

### The Bloomin' Basement

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### PRAISES STERLING BOOK

The following comment on the new edition of George Sterling's "Lilith" appears in a recent issue of The Saturday Review of Literature:

Mr. George Sterling and the publishers are to be thanked for giving to the general public this deeply moving philosophic poem first published privately in 1919. Mr. Sterling belongs to the older tradition of English poetry which sought beauty and philosophic truth rather than realism of detail. He has always possessed the poet's vision and the poet's expression, but in the present volume the vision is more profound, the expression more chaste than in his other works. "Lilith" is a poetical drama in mediæval setting in which the eternal enchantress leads the hero, Tancred, to betrayal of father, friend and wife, and finally to his own death, but without shaking a certain something in him which turns dishonor into honor and triumphs even in despair. The fundamental theme is what Mr. Sterling calls "that strangest and most awful of our human faculties—our ability to be happy when we know others are in agony. I can never forgive myself and humanity for that." Throughout the poem the happiness of one is purchased at the price of another's misery. That is the apparent law of life, but Tancred, and through him the author, reject it in favor of their own law.



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## PROOF OF CULTURE

In this day of the cynic and the iconoclast it is always necessary and advisable for the perpetuation of our sacred institutions and our claim to culture to leap into the breach in defense of our advancing civilization and the manifest progress of humanity, both moral and spiritual. The following from the Oakland Post-Enquirer of last Friday should serve not alone to prove how rapidly we are approaching the zenith of human intelligence, but should also demonstrate how high a plane has been reached by modern journalism. It should be noted that the "story" in the Post-Enquirer is topped by a headline that crosses the entire page and that this is followed by an eight-column strip of pictures showing how six couples physically interpret the meaning of "gilded kisses".

Tomorrow will be "GILDED KISSES" DAY in Oakland!

A big street parade, and automobile caravan, machines loaded with pretty girls who will give away "gilded kisses"; stunts in the sky, a reception at the city hall where Commissioner Frank Colbourn will greet the "Gilded Kisses" girl!

These are some of the attractions of GILDED KISSES DAY.

The celebration is to start at noon.

It has been arranged in honor of Beatrice Burton, writer of the thrilling love story, "Gilded Kisses", which starts in The Post-Enquirer next Thursday with chapters following daily.

There are to be surprises galore.

The parade will arrive at the city hall shortly after noon.

Builders of "Made-in-Oakland" automobiles are co-operating in the celebration and a bevy of girls will ride in the newest model Fageol bus and the 1926 Star sport roadster.

Beautiful girls will give away tons of "gilded kisses", sweet, toothsome dainties, made especially for "Gilded Kisses" day.

Lieut. William Fillmore of the Fillmore flying field, who has christened his Richfield airplane "Gilded Kisses", will also take part in tomorrow's celebration with stunts high above the city.

The parade and reception at the city hall will start "Gilded Kisses" week, with local theater co-operating to honor Miss Burton, author of the most thrilling news paper serial ever written.

At the T. and D. theater Fanchon and Marco will present a special "Gilded Kisses" idea.

The Orpheum theater will pay tribute to Miss Burton with an overture entitled "Gilded Kisses", composed by Oscar Preston, the orchestra leader at the Orpheum.

The Fulton theater will observe "Gilded Kisses" next Saturday.

At Paradise Gardens ballroom next Friday night will be known as "Gilded

Kisses" night. Phil Lampkin and his musical bears, the new band, will play the "Gilded Kisses" foxtrot and Phil Royce and his four beautiful partners will present their idea of the "Gilded Kisses" dance.

The "Gilded Kisses" craze continues unabated.

From billboards, the moving picture screens at the T. and D., American and Grand Lake theaters, Oakland has been notified to watch for "Gilded Kisses".

Tomorrow the parade and the airplane stunts, the tons of "Gilded Kisses" for the crowds—the novelties.

Be downtown at noon. The fun will center at Fourteenth and Broadway.

## CARMEL THE CYMBAL

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county, California. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

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Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

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Miss Edna McDuffie is the guest of Miss Frances Taylor at the latter's home in Carmel Woods.

## Arts and Crafts Theater

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## Town Tales

NOT so long ago we breezed over the hill from Monterey on our way back to this quaint little village of artists. We had read everything Perry Newberry had to say about Carmel being different, how to keep it different and how to make it different. But gosh, we didn't expect to be knocked for a row of tail lights without warning. We thought art had to be done in a quiet, secluded spot, with nothing more human about than a few mean bread crumbs and a smelly pipe. But no. There, blatant, nude, immodest, it stands—the sign board of Clark' Colman. Art for the Highway's sake. He doesn't give a damn. He spits right in old Raphael's face. Perry, he's different. Rem slipped into town a few months ago in his Dodge Freres with a sandy beard resting on his bosom. The gold rush? and the days of '49? No! Art rampant, said we to ourselves, and let it go at that. Rem went to his studio down on Carmelo and he lived alone and he worked alone and he slept out with his nose on the ground. He was up at five and out with the dogs and he looked and he smelt and he felt. He got what he wanted. Rem's up on the main street now and you'll call it Rem's Paint Shoppe if you don't watch out. But wait. Rem doesn't sleep in his shoppe on a bed of yellow ochre as you might say. Not at all. We found him down near the mouth of the Carmel river in his sleeping bag, he and the old beard just staring up at the sky and the mountains and listening to the waves gallopin' up the sand. Well, said we, Rem ain't different.

—BEN EVAN

## —or something

George Ball has suggested a new sandwich for Kays' menu. He calls it the "Aimee McPherson sandwich" and he says that it's easy to make—applesauce and bologna.

### IT'S ALL OVER

Fay King, one of the most popular little newspaper "syndicalists", knocks 'em cold with this one:

And I'll say right here, that if I were a man with the brains and ability to attain the fame and fortune that a man can, I'd never make a drunken fool of myself standing for a lot of wise cracks from a flat, flabby-faced night club hostess, who stands by like a Simon Legree in skirts, lip-lashing her skinny cabaret girls to strut their stuff, like so many bloodhounds amid the cracked ice!

We suggest that the threatening chamber

of commerce adopt for its slogan: "Not Climate, but Culture."

### THE CALCULATING COW

"A Carmel wit says that cream costs more than milk because it's harder for the cows to fill the small bottles."

We'll all allow a thoughtful cow  
Is in the class of beast high-brow!

In accents fleet  
One says with heat  
Lowling loud I trow—  
They are not right  
Half pints are quite  
Small for us just now;

We'll up and smite! We're in a plight—  
The time has come for cows to fight!

Dash these demi—  
— All these semi—  
Bottles small and slight,  
We must clearly  
And austere-ly  
Raise the price tonight.

—H. B.

VOTE FOR  
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# DISCIPLE OF 'BLUE FOUR' COMING TO CARMEL

By Gene Hailey

(Re printed from The Cymbal of June 8)

SINCE the pre-war days when the notorious "Nude Descended the Stairs" of the New York Armory Show of "Moderrrrr Arrrrr" in 1913, art has easily assumed a universal aspect. As the small boy said in his composition, "Behind the Universe is the great Cosmic urge", so the impetus to paint vast stretches of canvas with unutterable abstractions, has become an impudence of erudite import.

The only important propagandist (or prophetess, as you will), of the most advanced, adventurous and abstract of the ultra-modern artists, will soon visit Carmel. This is Madame E.E. Scheyer whose personality is colored by all the adjectives that apply to modern art, such as "dynamic", "vibrating" and "expressionistic". She will plunge joyfully into the mesmerism of Carmel which lies in its natural beauty and cast the bread of the "Blue Four" upon the cultured waters of the community, and she may pass a little food to the cake eaters among the summer tourists.

When the New York Armory Show appeared, the critics were afraid to champion it so they screamed against it, which all made for propaganda, so that the most isolated person in the smallest town in America has felt the influence of cubism and its tribe in some form in their life. The startling exhibition was easily understood in comparison to this group called the "Blue Four". To have the smallest glimmer of idea about this ultra-abstract art, non-Carmel citizens must have some means of imagination whereby they can approximate the fourth dimension. The worm crawling along the surface of the earth moves in a two-dimensional world with no grasp of the third dimension unless he chances to reach up the stem of a plant into the higher space of three dimensions. So they must chance upon the fourth, intangible dimension to understand the language of these two Germans, one Russian and one American.

These men exhibit their work under the title of "The Blue Four". Blue, the symbolic color of the spirit, has been accepted as such throughout the ages of art meanings. The great life beyond, the dead and the unborn, are subjects these men share in common. The essence of cosmic and earthly ideas are theirs.

We have repeatedly read of these men—Kandinsky, Feininger, Jawlensky and Paul Klee—in art magazines and books, but this is the first opportunity of viewing an exhibition of their work. The paintings have been assembled from various parts of the United States, including Smith College, the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, and the private collections of Arthur Jerome Eddy in Chicago and Mrs. Scheyer, who accompanies the exhibit on its American tour. This, in San Francisco, is its first showing after New York City.

Madame Scheyer, who is a personal friend of all four artists, has brought trunks of portfolios containing water colors, drawings and lithographs by these men; enough for six exhibitions. She has selected only paint-

ings, however, for this exhibition, and most of them are privately owned by her, either as gifts or purchases from the artists whose growth she has watched so closely.

Madame Scheyer says that "All the isms—futurism, cubism, etc., are names of minor importance. They are like drawers in which we stow neatly labeled things that bother us". She also says "People are mad with themselves because they do not understand the pictures, so they are mad with the pictures. Most people expect to find in art a repetition of themselves. Such repetition is not interesting. These are the sort who buy stupid prints filled with self-satisfaction. Many who say, 'I don't understand this modern art' follow with their next words, 'but it looks like this' or 'that sensation, emotion or fantasy—to me.' " Madame Scheyer has no intention of convincing anybody about her exhibit, she so strongly believes that the works speak for themselves, to those who are ready for them.

In her lectures Madame Scheyer always remarks that "if we should understand Chinese music as the Chinese do, it would be beautiful to us also. So it is with these pictures, we cannot grasp in four minutes what it has taken these men forty years to evolve". None of these artists is in an asylum, where several of their contemporaries are confined for being even madder than their paintings. Lyonel Feininger, the American artist of the group, has been honored by German art critics, to the extent of having a studio and home built for himself and family as a permanent endowment to keep him in their midst. A thinking people would not build a home for an insane man's work.

An art student who had not recovered from the first staggering blows of this art, asked: "Suppose everything were wiped out and only this kind of art remained to represent us, what a mistaken idea the people who discover it would have of us, unless they saw some of our other art—what we call good art!"

The answer is, "No, they would not have a mistaken idea of us. They would have a more accurate account of our recent war, our civilized architecture, our religion, music and emotions than if they found a magazine cover of a pretty girl in an automobile."

Each of these four artists has been through a rigorous academic training and they have each evolved a new trend, since the war. Their pre-war work was prophetic of the coming catastrophe, their work was disorderly in treatment, but their after-war work is disciplined, governed in action and peaceful in cosmic relation to universal laws. These artists were the type of neurotic beings who were bitter about material limitations, broken by the war, yet out of the crucible they have rescued an art that is ruled by no rules but their own which come from a larger expansion into abstraction.

Those who venture into the infinity of the abstract in art are likened to the "literature of escape" writers. Jazz is music of sudden escape and "vers libre" poetry affords release from reality. The seven arts have

always meant escape into dream and fantasy, but never before have we so quickly found the strata of the subconscious, where we can obtain rest cures and vacations from our super-civilized fatigues. There is inspiration in the abstract. It is not so aloof as we might suppose unthinkingly, but is ever present as a stabilizer. It lifts us above the false scales and limitations of human traditions, into the art realm where words fail to express what art says eternally.

Each one of the "Blue Four" has found his escape just as each thoughtful man has worshipped his many gods at different times in his life, through his works, philosophies and arts. These men did not lose faith during the terror of the war, but won a new faith in the order of things—which we, who have not been reduced to atoms by war forces, cannot comprehend.

"What are we?" asks Madame Scheyer. "Not even as well organized as ants and bees. We are nothing much; we are only a few steps removed from the same vision of our cosmic value that the cave man portrayed in his art vision. Why is it that people look at these paintings with the eyes of 1926 when they must understand that the world began long before that?"

Prototypes of the art of these four men may be found in all the arts of other races and ages from the primitive, classic and religious, to the decorative, geometric and symbolic type of art; all but the representative "photographic" school. Meticulous detail is a necessity in commercial photography, while art effects can be created first in the mind of the photographer and then with his difficult means of the camera processes. It is a splendid field, and the cinema is another of our "lively arts of escape". Those who understand the "Blue Four" are the "quick", and those who do not are the "dead", who have forgotten to "become as a little child". They do not walk in simple curiosity and humbleness, and so attain wider reaches of that live imagination which leads to discoveries of peaceful places in the chaos of the mind. Let us hope that Madame Scheyer will find Carmel is the threshold of heaven!

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SEVEN ARTS  
BUILDING

Zanetta Catlett  
Kennedy Owen



## Adventures in Eating Out

No. 6

THIS is modern Carmel, Carmel of the summer of nineteen twenty six. This? Kays Sandwich Shop, the newest place to eat in the newest building on Dolores street. But the little peaked-roof doll house with its wavy woodwork and its stone wall with the arched gateway would take a column to itself if we had time and space to tell you really adequately what a pleasant place it is just to be in! We came to eat, however.

But before, during and after our lunch—which included coffee of the most superlative perfection with thick cream!—we rejoiced in the gorgeous splashes of color which Rem's desert paintings made against the rough plaster walls. We admired the Chinese rice bowl which offered us cigarettes to accompany the lunch. With delight we found out that one of the Kays had learned her craft—or is it art? Both, I think!—at Schrafft's in New York. To our thoughts returned with sudden mouth-watering vividness the memory of the famous "Schrafft's Luxuro Chocolate Ice Cream Cake", whose richness tempted us to extravagance so often. It made our disappointment at finding we had arrived too late for Kays fudge cake doubly hard to bear. We decided to go earlier next time, or reserve our piece in advance!

The two Kays in their pleasant green smocks and their pleasant smiles are the spirit of Carmel today. Their shop is fresh and bright and clean and new, its color scheme and furnishings charmingly modern. You probably wonder why we emphasize this thought. Go yourself and look at those jars of honey standing on a shelf. Perhaps it won't strike you that way but it makes us pause, almost startled, to find them labeled with magic words—Honey from the isles of Greece! From the very same fields where once the bees of ancient Hellenos gathered their liquid gold among flowers growing beside a "wine dark sea". —D. C.

## MERELY A LETTER

DEAR Cymbal—I had no intention of letting your letter wait so long for a response, but there! adventures crowd upon me. First of all note that I have tied the other pair into a sheet and moved on to the above address. After the art club was torn down the general public moved in and it got too utter. I might have stood the G. P., however, if we had not fallen heir to a new and worse housekeeper. She imbibed freely of the grape, and nights her burly husband used to bounce the hardware off her bean. When she opened an amour with the darky elevator boy two doors down, and lent class to the front door step by their coy exchange of repartee, I felt it was time to flit. Then Mrs. Smith hove in sight with her tales of royalty abroad, and it was good to see her. Do let the cat interpolate here that she can't stand the best friend, Sarah Havens, who came on to meet her here, and did New York with loud comparisons with Los Angeles (her idea of heaven—never having been anywhere

else), and much gum-chewing. She irritated me almost to murder. But she seems devoted to Mrs. Smith, and that's their business!

I finished my book as I told you and shipped it off to the Boston publisher who has been hounding me for manuscripts. Well he might—the worm! He wrote back most flatteringly of the opus, and said they would be glad to publish it. I should think they would. After the rosy haze produced by the opening declaration dispersed, I read his idea of a contract between a publisher and a green pea. In the interim, I have been making what is known as "contacts" with the influential (more of that below) and my chief advisor guffawed over the proposition, sent me to the Authors' League with his introduction, for advice, and the result was that I polished up the poison pen, wrote a real masterpiece demanding back my inspired literary effort, and at the moment it is providing Boni and Liveright with their summer light fiction. I have chatted pleasantly with the editor there, a tall youth with specs and a lisp—but as yet do not know the verdict. It would be well not to give me and the book any publicity until it becomes a book, perchance. Will not keep you in suspenders after it is accepted—but anticipate a long, weary round of rejections.

It is hard to remember which of my adventures were related in the last letter—I'd hate to repeat any of 'em. Had I been given passes to the Duncan show, and invited back scenes to shake the Great by the mit? That's over. Then Jack Ellsworth, to whom I had an introduction from Ed. Thorne had me home to meet the wife, eat dinner in a regal apartment, and see Marilyn Miller in "Sunny". They have been very nice to me, but are flitting to cooler climes for the summer. However, Mr. Ellsworth gave me an introduction to Sartorio Helman, author of thirty successful Broadway plays, friend of Belasco, the Shuberts and the others—and I must say Sartorio has let no grass grow. He has written me glorious letters to all his little pals, gone all over "The Cloudburst", and done his durndest. As a result, I have worn a groove from the current domicile to the lairs of all the Jew producers in New York. Haven't missed a one, and as for the accumulation of local color among the decadent actresses and he-chorus steppers—well, I'll have that even if my genius is not not at the present sitting. I fear the play is apparent to Israel. And I grieve to state it is too pure and simple for home consumption here. But am I discouraged? Not a bit!

Honestly, I haven't shed a tear, or gulped a gulp. Yesterday I went to the Shubert offices to get their ideas about it. They have really given it a very careful reading, and they told me they were afraid to tackle it. You see, the darn things cost so much, they aren't going to venture it unless it looks like a knock-out, and even to my impartial eye, it's far from that. In fact, I no longer care much about it. But my motto is, try everything. The Shuberts sent me to French—and he has the thing at the moment. I am becoming an adept at juggling the manuscripts about—never keep them over night if I can help it! I have a travel article that has been sent back four times now, with a different reason in each case. I don't know what more can ail it, but I'm here to see.

A month or so ago, through my little Russian friend, I met a Madame Trautman, a well-known concert singer. She took a fancy to me, and has asked me to write some lyrics with a composer friend of hers for her winter concerts. I was invited to her studio party a week or so back, and met a lot of the so-called famous. There was an etcher, a composer, two Russians from the New York Symphony (such music!)—my little Russian, who studies with Kosloff, and danced some folk stuff, and a writer—besides a sprinkling of rich Jews. I was brought home by the father of an assistant district attorney here—himself a would-be producer, who wants to see my stuff. Madame Trautman met Mrs. Smith, and is the kind who camps on one's trail.

Well, that's the history to date—not startlingly triumphant, but much fun. Lots of love. Helene

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# THE TREND OF MODERN FICTION

By Dora C. Hagemeyer

**A**LTHOUGH the general tendency of the age is towards analysis, there arises here and there a writer who, having studied life analytically, moves on towards some form of synthesis.

In the modern novel, the thing which holds the apparently formless structure together is not always obvious. If we seek the solid satisfaction we used to derive from Dickens, Thackeray and Scott, we find none of it, and finally, acquiring a new taste, we wish none of it. Literature keeps pace with music and art and changes as they change.

The reaction of the twentieth century to the nineteenth was evident first in the violent swing of the pendulum from sentimentalism to realism. False ideals were broken in the attempt to reveal the truth about things. A frightful fever of analysis set in, till, with life torn to shreds and crudely displayed upon the dissecting table, people began to ask, "What next?"

Once in a while a writer would hold the whole scene up to ridicule. No one did this more poignantly than Katherine Mansfield. Had she lived to complete her work, we should probably have laughed away much of the accepted nonsense of today—always, however, with a little stab of pain.

The work of Virginia Woolf is significant of the trend of contemporary writing. It has all the impersonality of a cubistic drawing and is just as meaningless to the casual observer. In her latest novel, "Mrs. Dalloway", an arc from the circle of a life collides sharply with a line from another life. An angle joins two lives diametrically opposed. Broken curves appear where they are least expected. It does not seem possible to synthesize such a scattered picture. One realizes eventually that each incident is a reflection of some side of the personality of Mrs. Dalloway. Elusive, subtle, passive yet intensely arresting, she pervades the scene with a luminous quality which makes it exist as a whole.

D. H. Lawrence has been ruthlessly analytic but is keenly aware of the sub-strata upon which life is built. The relationship of events to fundamentals and the significance of incidentals has always absorbed him. This is apparent in his latest work. Here we find more serenity and wholesomeness than one would have thought possible for the turbulent and ever-sceptical Lawrence.

Another characteristic of modern writing is the brevity with which many authors tell their story. Virginia Woolf finds one day sufficient to reveal the character of a sensitive introspective woman and the dozen or so people she contacts in the twenty-four hours.

In "Manhattan Transfer" a single incident sets the key-note of a character and, strung like beads upon a string, they combine to create New York—a very terrible picture seen through the eyes of John Dos Passos.

A very reassuring phase of today's literature is the increasing number of books which one cannot possibly take seriously but which one does nevertheless. There is James Stephens who talks of leprecauns as if they were as tangible as beetles. His fairy folk and he-

roes and gods step from mythology into reality. There is William Butler Yeats with more fairies and folk-lore. Arthur Machen believes in witches and has his own key to a world to which he flees when he gets tired of being misunderstood. Algernon Blackwood watches for clues which would point to the existence of superhuman characteristics in the individual. Selma Lagerlof sees strange connections between everyday events and she imparts much intuitive and uncanny wisdom to her simple peasants.

There seems to be little reason to bemoan the passing of the great classic writers when the present day has so much of real interest, richness and whimsical understanding.

## A SWIFT HAMLET

**I**T is absolutely true that a work of genius can lend itself anew to the interpretation of each successive generation. Take "Hamlet"—as a lot of us are taking it, with our scripts in our hands, every night at the Forest Theater; it is as true to modern psychology as if the youngest psychoanalyst in New York had drafted the plot. Complexes, inhibitions, all those things we talk of as glibly as if we had discovered them—they are all there.

And the interpretation they dared to give in the London production of two years ago, in which the guilty king and queen demanded, and secured your sympathy as hero and heroine of one of the great love-stories of the world—could any other generation of playgoers accept that?

"Hamlet" as given in the Forest Theater the end of this month, will have swiftness and modernity in its production. Lines have been sacrificed, 1700 of them, to reveal the intensely dramatic plot. The scenes will require no shifting, for action will go on all over the stage and the entire hillside, the eyes of the audience following where the shifting lights point, from the spears of Fortinbras coming down among the pine trees on their left, to sweet Ophelia's grave dug just where a player coming late to rehearsal can fall into it as he hurries to mount the stage.

Sweet Ophelia, truly! For she is played by Jadwiga Noskoviak, whose Sister Benvenuta in Edward Kuster's production of "The Nursery Maid of Heaven" remains one of our dearest memories. Bert Heron's Hamlet will be young and eager and full of thought. Ester Waite and David O'Neil will play King and Queen and George Ball and Elizabeth Bier will mock them in the Players' scene. William Vander Roest will use his excellent voice in the wise saws of Polonius and Tom Bickle and Fred Robbins are rehearsing the grave-diggers' scene daily in the prescription department of the Palace Drug store. David Prince, Beverley Clarke Francis Lloyd and a host of others go to make up a representative and congenial cast.

—L. D.

Henry Clapp, the poet, and his wife are in Carmel for a few months. They have the McDuffie house.

## S. A. R.'S BOOKLET PRESENTED TO VISITING EDITORS SUNDAY

Gift copies of the booklet, "Carmel—Its Poets and Peasants", were distributed by Stephen Allen Reynolds (S. A. R.), its author, to visiting members of the National Editorial Association at breakfast in Hotel Del Monte last Sunday morning. The free distribution was made possible through the purchase of 600 of the booklets at cost price by merchants and citizens of Carmel. Jacques-Marie Laumonier, French instructor in the Arts and Crafts Summer School, assisted Reynolds in the distribution of the booklets at the breakfast.

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## THEATER NOTES

CARMEL music lovers are offered a rare treat in the program to be rendered by Princess Tstanina, Indian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Wednesday evening of this week. Princess Tstanina appears in Carmel under the auspices of the Peninsula Philharmonic Society.

The Theatre of the Golden Bough has never before presented a picture with the success accorded "The Volga Boatman", last Friday and Saturday nights. The beautiful theater was filled to overflowing both nights. The prelude of Russian dances under the direction of Adeline Rotti was especially beautiful. Miss Rotti is unquestionably one of the most fascinating dancers in America today.

Friday and Saturday nights of this week The Theatre of the Golden Bough presents "Moana", considered the finest picture of the South Seas ever produced.

### "CLARENCE" AGAIN

"Clarence", the outstanding success of George Ball's summer season at the Arts and Crafts theater, will be repeated at that theater Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights of this week. There has already been a large advance demand for tickets and it is evident that the house will be sold out for the three performances. George Ball's portrayal of Booth Tarkington's amusing character is the best piece of comedy work he has ever done.

### "THE GREATER GLORY"

The Manzanita theater ends the week with two interesting pictures. "The Greater Glory" with Conway Tearle and Anna Q. Nilsson is the offering for Thursday and Friday nights and Jack Pickford and Mary Brian in "Brown of Harvard" is on the boards for Saturday night. There is much interest expressed in town over the approaching presentation of "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Manzanita on Thursday and Friday nights of next week.

## COMMEDIAS

JEANNE D'Orge Burton is again working with her Commedias that she introduced into Carmel some years ago. At that time a group used to meet at her house on occasional evenings and by degrees the Commedias became an established thing. The Commedias were evolved from the old Italian Commedia Del Arte, and in their present form are simply improvised words and action to a given plot. Mrs. Burton is holding regular classes at the Hestwood studios twice a week, Tuesday morning and Thursday evening. She believes that the improvisation of words and dramatic action form a release for the emotions, and that the training gained thereby is a very great help to those who suffer from self-consciousness, shyness, and lack of poise.



## THE FOREST THEATER

"Hamlet" will have a "Swift and Magnificent" Production here July 30, 31, and August 1.

## GERDA WISNER HOFMAN AND "THE SNOW QUEEN"

By Joan Ramsay

GERDA Wisner Hofmann, director of the Children's Theater of the Heckscher Foundation in New York, is in Carmel to direct her production of "The Snow Queen" at the Golden Bough. The play is Mrs. Hofmann's adaptation of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale, and will be acted by a cast of children and grown-ups.

She told me yesterday: "I would have children express themselves on the stage as naturally and spontaneously as they do in their play and in their home, nor shall the Children's Theater ever be a channel for the exhibition and exploitation of children. Andreyev concludes his masterful play 'To the Stars' with these words—'Whatever beauty you have taken out of the world you must give back to the world'—and perhaps that is why my life has been devoted to the writing and directing of children's plays."

Gerda Wisner Hofmann was born in Elsinore, Denmark, in a house directly across from Hamlet's famous castle. Her mother had a beautiful singing voice, and her father was a painter of considerable renown—between them, she says, they made her childhood as perfect as any child's could be. They built a little theater in their home for which they made puppets and wherein they enacted plays before a delighted group of children. When she was eight years old Mrs. Hofmann's parents came to San Francisco, and there when she grew up she organized and directed her first Children's Theater. After her marriage and the coming of her two own sons, she realized that there was a pitiful want of suitable entertainment for children, and it was for the benefit of her own, and with the thought of helping mothers who she believed felt as she did, that she began to plan a theater that should be just for children—to give them, in a way in which they themselves could share and enjoy—those old fairy tales that have always been the birthright of every human child.

"The Shanghai Gesture" by John Colton has just been published by Boni and Liveright. Colton is the man who dramatized Maugham's story, "Rain."

Edna St. Vincent Millay's sister, Kathleen, has written a novel called "Wayfarer" which is to be published in the fall.

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## LISTEN TO FREUD

By Heywood Breun  
(In the New York World)

SOME of the authors who have experimented with the psycho-analytical approach to biography do not seem to me wholly qualified to deal so godmatically with their sitters. The accomplished Dr. Freud does not profess to have plumbed the springs of any patient's mind within the first few hours. But these more reckless folk who write will often seize upon some single childhood incident from out a dead man's life and upon that one episode rear a tall structure of conjecture expressed in many turrets. Let them hear that Plato once struck his little sister and they'll not hesitate to give you his home life in great detail.

A chance simile in any writing may be enough to convict the author of tendencies most shameful and all because the picture which he made is to good Freudians a symbol. Maybe the simile was not actually his own. He may have lifted it from another.

"Ha," says the Freudian, "that makes it all the more conclusive. He borrows because the visual image is so precisely representative of his suppressed desires."

"But," you may object, "it may be that he was in a hurry and so took the first thing which came into his mind."

And then the Freudian will smile at you pityingly and explain, "But don't you see, under those very circumstances he would be more in the grip of his unconscious urge than ever."

Never argue with a Freudian. The facts that he presents are not like other facts known to the world because it is wholly impossible to subject them to any test of touch or sight. And that, I'll grant you, is no proof that anything is false. Isn't it strange though that the philosophies set up upon the therapy of Dr. Freud have been so fiercely fought by all religionists? Most inexactly the church men have assailed the physician as one who would give over the world to a gross materialism. It seems to me that Dr. Freud is among the greatest of all modern mystics. Centuries rolled on and no one cared whether young men dreamed dreams or old men saw visions. Along came Freud.

## NEW BOOKS AT WOODSIDE LIBRARY

Teetallow.....	T. S. Stribling
Antic Hay.....	Aldous Huxley
Beatrice.....	Arthur Schnitzler
Moby Dick.....	Herman Melville
The Love Nest.....	Ring Lardner
Chimes.....	Robert Herrick
An Outline of Psychoanalysis.....	J. van Teslaar
The Varieties of Religious Experience.....	W. James
Education and the Good Life.....	Bertrand Russell
Science and the Modern World.....	A. N. Whitehead

tion near Carpenter street.

A wealthy American is to attempt to swim the Channel this year. We understand that if he fails he will buy the thing and take it back home to practise on.  
—Punch

Another ship book by E. Keble Catterton is out—"The Ship under Sail".

## TEN TO ONE

By Ruth Richards  
(In the New Yorker)

I must have been Meade Minnigerode's "The Fabulous Forties" that started it all.

For since then we have had in rapid succession, "The Mauve Decade," "The Turn of the Century," and "The Dreadful Decade." Any moment we may expect "The Spectacular Sixties" or "The Somnolent Sixties," according to the author's point of view. We may likewise expect "The Foolish Fifties" or "The Eccentric and Elegant Eighties." So herewith, I enter my reservation for "These Twenties."

Such a field for thought! So much has already taken place! And four mysterious years still to go! According to the turn of events, I shall make my title selection form among the following: "The Terr-r-ible Twenties," "The Tempting Twenties," "The Tedious Twenties," or "The Trashy Twenties"—one title looks as good as another just now.

Working in the accepted manner, I recognize Messrs. Beer, Sullivan, Seitz, and Minnigerode as my masters. My collection of programs, souvenirs, clippings and pictures is already quite exhaustive—and I hardly know what to discard. It looks like a ten-volume affair at the present moment with half a dozen volumes good for movie rights.

Among the choicest articles in my collection—these are, of course, but a very few and at random—are, a first night program of "Abie's Irish Rose," one mah jong set in fair condition, a chemical analysis of

three bottles of bootleg gin, one manual of the authentic Charleston, one tin sign labeled "Mayor Hylan's Playground," one Jantzen bathing girl sticker, one stolen manuscript of "Ashes of Love," one review by W. J. Henderson of Marion Talley's debut, Charlie Chaplin to Aristophanes, one stub for a ticket in the reviewing stand of the 1925 police parade, one delegates badge to the Democratic Convention of 1924, one statement of the Corn Exchange Bank and three carefully preserved plates of real spitoni.

"The Terrible People" by Edgar Wallace has been highly recommended as a thrilling mystery story.

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## SEEING EUROPE

**O**N board ship enroute to Vigo, Portugal. I am busy spending four and five hours a day studying Spanish. There are any number of Spanish people on board, so behold me each morning surrounded by about four gentlemen Spaniards gesticulating and shouting Spanish at me. I'm getting it in wholesale doses but the amount I manage to absorb is most encouraging.

One of the amusing events at mealtime is when the cheese is served—after each lunch and dinner and each meal a different cheese. There are six of us at our table, three Spaniards and one other American, and each one picks up the plate of cheese, gravely smells it and then decides whether he wants any!

The American consul to Vigo is on board and has the cutest Airedale pup you ever saw, which is all legs and runs about like a calf. He is forever getting his chain twisted around people's chairs.

Today is warm and sunny and the ocean is as blue as blue. They say we are near the Azores, although we cannot see land, but anyhow there are brilliant white birds flying around and dipping into the water.

One of the Spaniards said that our language is very difficult because our words do not have gender. He said, "When you say 'cat', I do not know whether you mean a woman cat or a man cat."

**Hotel de l'Europe, Lisbon, Sept. 27.**

We came here from Oporto which is most interesting. Everywhere we saw barefooted women carrying unbelievably heavy loads on their heads. "Nice women" are not to be seen. I understand that they are kept in their homes. In Oporto we entertained the American consul at lunch and he took to a Portuguese theatre in the evening. The show was quite awful—awkward fat women with short necks and big busts. It was a revue.

We are getting along beautifully. With a smattering of French and Spanish and our four hands we manage to make our wants understood. The Portuguese people are most kindly and obliging, and the servants are simply marvelous. I never saw such service.

Crossing the frontier from Spain we stopped for a while at Valenca de Mino, a city built within a huge wall, with narrow streets and low dark shops. It was absolutely part of one's dreams of a foreign village. Nothing was missing, from the barefooted women carrying water-pitchers on their heads to the patient, reproachful-looking goats.

Of course, I could write about the blue of the skies and the hillsides covered with grape arbors fairly dripping with great purple grapes, but the travel books will tell you all that so I am making my letter more personal. Had my hair washed here in Lisbon yesterday. The girl completely soaped it and rubbed it before she touched water to it. She spoke only a few words of French and no Spanish. Since I know only about six Portuguese words our communication was largely a matter of smiles. Lisbon is quite modern, with countless jewelry, delicatessen, men's furnishings and drug stores, but no smart hat or gown shop for women. The poor ladies don't get a square deal. The

men are very sporty, with sticks, spats and monocles.

Madrid, Oct. 9

Portugal seems so many weeks away now that I think I shall merely say that we both like it, and the exchange was so much in our favor that it was almost a joke. The meals in Portugal and Spain both are simply overwhelming. For example, today's modest little lunch included first course, omelette, second, fish, third, lambstew, fourth, beefsteak and lettuce, fifth, cheese and fruit. We like the Portuguese cooking better than the Spanish.

We arrived in Salamanca last Monday expecting to stay a couple of days and instead we stayed a week. It happened that the King and Queen of Spain were to be there over the week-end for the first time in twenty-five years and of course, the town put on its best dress.

We saw the university, which is one of the oldest in the world where Columbus took his charts. In it was a school room with rude wooden benches and desks where the boys and girls of the sixteenth century had carved their initials! Also saw a middle ages cathedral dating back to 1203. Salamanca is of course, interesting but bare and dusty. No trees, and the houses whose whitewashed interiors and awful furniture resembled rented seashore cottages. And numerous shabby little dogs. I think you can tell a town by its dogs! But adorable patient little burros whose noses you wanted to stroke.

Well, the King and Queen came and we saw them about six times from various distances. She is stunning!

They attended a bullfight in Salamanca. So taking our courage in our hands, we went. Now just listen to this—for about two days

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

## On This Condition

By Sister M. Maléva

(In the Saturday Review)

**O**H, do I love you? Yes, to be brief But from my window if the day is clear and plain.

See that far mountain, lonely and austere, Flush into gradual wonder, where has lain Passionless, pallid snow. Almost like pain Rose-splendid radiance wraps it in beauty sheer.

As the sun kisses it—wait, wait, my dear—

And passing, leaves it virgin white again. When we have reached those heights of calm surrender

Where white integrity and love are one, Then you may compass me with utter splendor,

Nor shall we need to wish our joy undone; Then you may kiss me, love, or tense or tender;

Then you may shine on me, being my sun.

Mrs. Walter Coburn, of Eliot and Marian, left for San Francisco on Wednesday, on a two day buying trip for the shop.

## SOCIETY

**O**N Sunday night after the last performance of "R. U. R." at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Katharine Vander Roest Clarke, pianiste, was hostess at a supper party for the members of the cast and their friends at her cottage on Santa Lucia and San Antonio streets. A feature of the evening was an impromptu bathing party several of the guests going down to Carmel River for a midnight swim. Among those present were: Mesdames and Messrs. Elliot Durham, Ralph Todd, George Hall, Erick Wilkinson, Tad Stinson, Mesdames Gerda Wisner Hoffman, Walter Coburn, Misses Helen Judson, Gladys Vander Roest, Dorothy Morris, Messrs. James Doud, Talbert Jesselyn, Ernest Schwening, Harold Gates, Winsor Josselyn, and Gordon Greene.

Mrs. John C. Orcutt of San Francisco has taken the Bishop House for two months. Mrs. Orcutt before her marriage last year was Miss Dorothy Harrington.

Miss Catherine Corrigan has left for a two months vacation which will take her to Lake Tahoe and The Sierras, and later to Santa Barbara, where she will visit friends. Miss Corrigan is a sister of Judge Corrigan and a niece of the late Archbishop Corrigan of New York. She has been a resident of Carmel for several years.

Mrs. George Vye gave a tea at her home in the Eighty Acres. Among her guests were the Misses Staniford, Beer, Grace Wickham, Pauline Newman, Esther and Violet Alberti, L. Carroll, H. Willsee, Cornelia de Haaff, Catharine Clark, Mrs. Germaine Cobb and Mrs. Lewis Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hull of Beverley Hills are coming to Carmel and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson. They expect to take a house here for a month or two.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Halsted Yates entertained at bridge the other evening. Mrs. Edward Kuster and Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson were present.

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## CYMBALINE SEES CARMEL

"Of course," said Cymbaline, "I already have a book and I don't just now wish to acquire another for permanent possession, but nevertheless I must have new books about me."

"In that connection, did you," I inquired, "know that there are libraries in Carmel?"

"I suspected as much," returned Cymbaline gravely, "and I now know, from personal investigation, that there are no less than three! I have this day visited them all, coming away from each with a volume which I have been wanting to get hold of to read."

"Tell me about your investigations," I suggested meekly, knowing full well that I should have to listen to her tale, whether or no.

"If I were doing anything so formal as making a report—which heaven forbid!—I should say that Carmel is apparently better supplied with library facilities than any other place of its size I've had the pleasure of visiting. I don't mean in the way of buildings, I mean just available books," said Cymbaline, "and the interesting thing is that each of the three libraries is so different and, roughly speaking, supplies a different type of books. Of course, they overlap and some of the same books are on hand in all three places."

"Well, circulating libraries don't pretend to carry so many books, nor such a variety of them, as a public library."

"No, of course not," agreed Cymbaline, "but anyhow, in a somewhat hasty first visit, I got the impression—and I admit it may be quite superficial and not to be taken seriously—that the Carmel Library is specially good in non-fiction, the latest biographies and travel books, besides having a fine array of magazines and periodicals; that the Game Cock offers the very newest of the 'best sellers' in the way of novels and detective stories; and that the Woodside Library has the books that are popular with a more limited group of readers who want modern books, but not the obviously popular variety."

"And did you get books in each place?"

"I did," said Cymbaline, displaying them, "here they are—'The New Negro' from the Carmel Library, 'Man-Trap' from the Game Cock, and 'Lolly Willows' from the Woodside."

"That is rather a representative selection," I remarked "just as each library seems to me to be typical of a different element in Carmel."

"Yes," said Cymbaline, "that's the way it struck me, too. The public library is Old Carmel—from the sand you wade through to get to it, to the little wooden cottage, with dogs tied to the front steps, horses hitched to trees and people gathered in bunches inside. There must be a great many books in all those odd corners and on the shelves that run over and under the windows! New books don't wait long to be taken out, it's easy to see from the brisk business that goes on at Miss Wasson's desk. As for the Game Cock, you know immediately when you step inside the door and see the candy from Sherry's and Maillard's that this is naturally

the place where you get the very latest, in books or sport hose, or anything else! It's Fifth Avenue Carmel!"

"And the Woodside?" I inquired, as Cymbaline paused.

"That's the Carmel of the writers and artists, I should say," she replied, look thoughtful, "even to the little cabin among the trees, so unpretensions outside and inside so full of treasures. It's worth walking a little off the main thoroughfares to find it. It's the place where you can get 'South Wind' and 'Of Human Bondage' and 'Swann's Way' and the 'Blue Jade' Library and even—if you want it!—James Joyce's 'Ulysses'."

## Prominent Citizens

(Continued from Page One)

nent home in the Eighty Acre Tract with Mrs. Daisy Bostick and Miss Dorothea Castelhun, where he complacently receives the attention, affection and, one might say without undue exaggeration, the homage which he is convinced rightfully belong to him. Jimmie feels that Cyra is not always so respectful as she should be and that she takes advantage of her size and her sex in their tug of war with a stick. But nevertheless, when she calls for him and pushes the gate open, he is right there ready to slip out and join her.

Jimmie has crossed the continent several times, but his favorite mode of travel is by automobile. If you ask Jimmie whether it is true that his mistress purchased her blue car because that color is so becoming to his black and whiteness, he will merely put on an expression of masculine indifference but you notice he won't deny it. If we printed all the stories of Jimmie's intelligence and the list of his virtues, as detailed by Mrs. Bostick and her almost equally enthralled housemate, we should be obliged to devote an entire issue of The Cymbal to him. We rather wonder

why they don't follow up their book on Carmel by a volume entitled, "Jimmie Dugan—at Home and at the Beach."

Yours may be next.

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## PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. Zanetta Catlett returned yesterday from a buying trip to San Francisco in the interests of the interior decoration shop she conducts with Kennedy Owen in the Seven Arts building.

Miss Elizabeth Bier, cousin of Allan Bier, pianist, is in Carmel for the summer. She will play the part of the Player Queen in the coming Forest Theater production of "Hamlet".

Horton O'Neill is now in Carmel. He was in charge of a group of men on the de Prorok excavations at Carthage a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Tinning are in Carmel for the summer. Tinning is district attorney of Contra Costa county. Mrs. Tinning's mother, Mrs. Irwin, widow of the late General Irwin, is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Durham motored to Brookdale, near Santa Cruz, on Sunday to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Seabert Capwell on their country place.

Mrs. Arthur Colman and her daughter, Miss Miriam Colman, of Oakland, spent the week end in Carmel.

Winsor Josselyn, George Hull and Tad Stinson motored down the coast Saturday to investigate the new highway. They returned the same day.

George Hull of Beverley, California, is in Carmel for the purpose of studying the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Hull is making a study of the little theaters of the country, with a view to establishing one in Beverley.

Gouverneur Morris has bought property in Pebble Beach and expects to build there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry are returning to their home in Stockton after a stay at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Richardson of Fresno were in Carmel for the week end. They are planning a home in the new Peninsula Country Club.

Mrs. H. Goss and Miss Marjorie Goss have returned to Boston after a month's visit in Carmel. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rountree.

Miss Gladys Wickson is visiting Miss Ellen O'Sullivan. Miss Wickson is a daughter of the late Professor Wickson of the University of California, and a sister of Guest Wickson, the artist. She has lately been appointed to the newly-created chair of geography at the University of California. She spent last summer studying at Oxford.

Dr. William A. Newton of the Coastal Laboratory received word yesterday from

Victoria that he is the father of a fine young son. Dr. Newton is leaving today for Victoria where he will spend a month's vacation with his wife and family.

## GAWPY

(Continued from Page One)

haired ladies, feeble old gentlemen, cooks and flappers, college students and dignified clergymen laugh over Gawpy. A three-year-old will shriek with delight when you say: 'Gulp went Gawpy', and a ninety-year-old will chuckle and shake. He seems to tickle the fancy of all ages. I don't understand it; it is mystifying, but the fact remains. Beginning with October, John Martin's Book is going to publish the adventures of Gawpy and the rest of the Gulpem family. Then he is going to use the plates for a series of books. Gawpy is coming out as a stuffed, snuggly toy for little tots and also as a carved jointed toy in wood. In other words, Gawpy is flying high.

With that Bob cleared his throat and said that he was glad to be back in Carmel.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal and Prof. J. B. Overton of the Coastal Laboratory made a trip Northfork to inspect dendrographs last week.

## SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Wickman gave a tea on Sunday in their studio at Carmel Highlands in honor of Mrs. Kilpatrick and Miss Howe Kent. Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. Richter, Mrs. Martin Flavin, Mrs. Roberta Leitch, Mrs. Edward Kluegel, Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Charles Stanton, Miss Elizabeth Bigelow, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Tilly Polak, Miss Emma Waldvogel and the Misses Denny and Watrous were among the guests.

Mrs. Hilda Argo gave a tea on Saturday at Kays for Mrs. Katharine Vander Roest Clarke and her sisters, the Misses Gladys and Constance Vander Roest. Among the guests were Mrs. Edward Kuster, Mrs. Ralph Todd, Miss Elise Wagner and Miss Vivian Foree.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King Van Riper entertained at cards Sunday night in their home on the Point. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Turner, Mrs. Edward Kuster, Miss Katharine Cooke and Mr. Ernest Schwenger.

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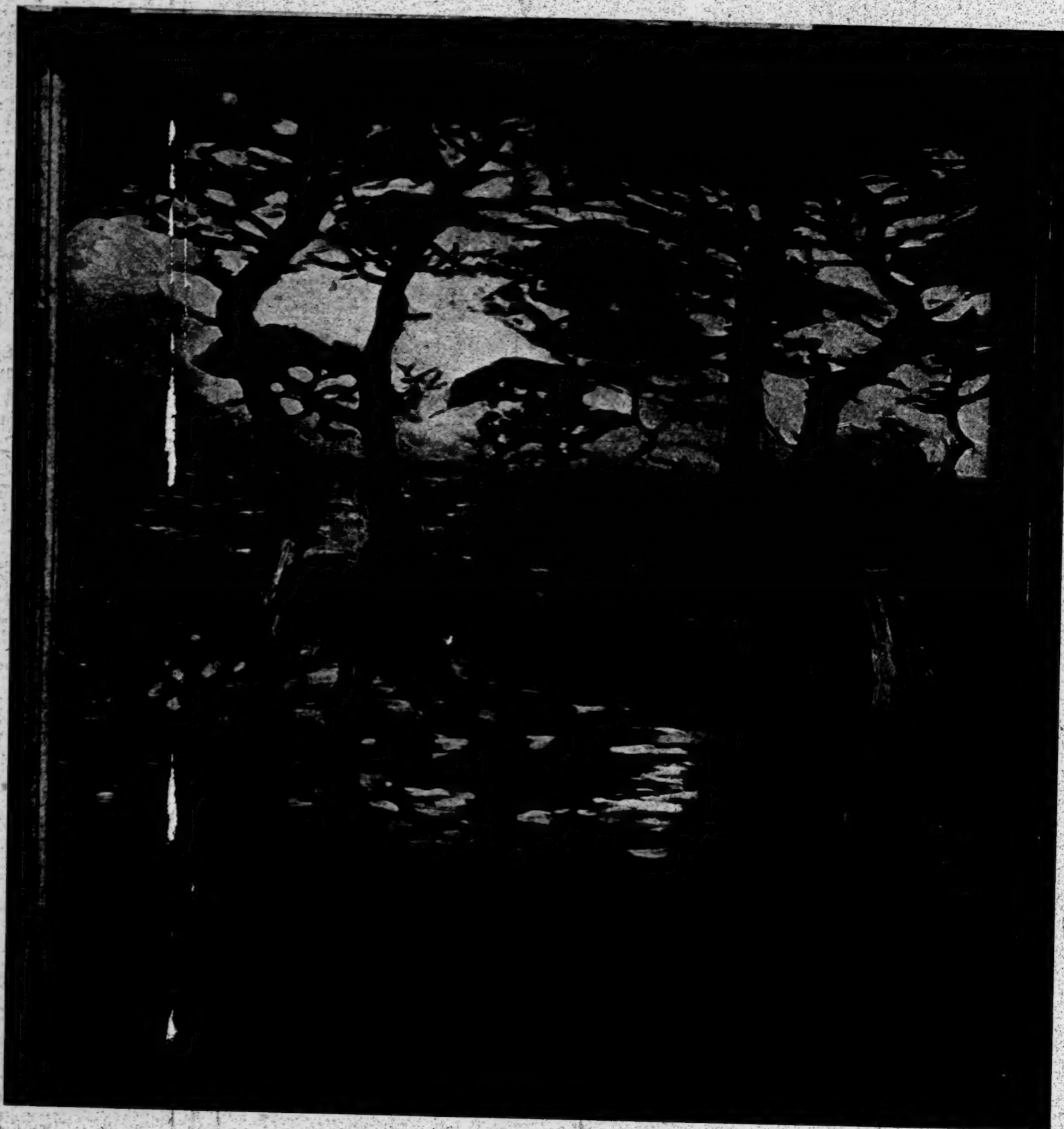
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# Sparkling Sea

By M. DeNEALE MORGAN



Now in the possession of Miss Sylvia Heerline of Oakland

## SEEING EUROPE

(Continued from Page Eleven)

before the fight the bull is kept in a dark place so that he will be confused and angry when he comes out into the light. One bull generally kills at least two horses by the quaint method of picking horse up on his horns. So the horse's vocal chords are cut before he goes in, in order that he can't scream!

Then too I always thought a bullfight meant one bull killed, but they always kill from six to eight—one at a time, and about fifteen minutes for each. Also I had a vague notion that the ring was sort of gloomy and distant. As a matter of fact, any seat in the arena gives one a perfect view of the bril-

liantly sun-lighted ring and you can't miss a thing.

We saw just one bull killed and then we left! It wasn't the killing we minded. But what got us was that here was this perplexed, confused bull who wanted nothing better than go off somewhere and ruinate, being set upon by about six men and yelled at by twelve thousand people, and he all alone with not a chance in the world. Of course, some of them show more fight, but this poor thing would sort of paw the ground in perplexity, then turn and trot off in the direction of home. They say that some of the other bulls raised Cain and the bullfighters showed wonderful daring and skill. But we had enough. Only about six horses were killed, we heard, and some of them were

such unpleasant sights as they ran around the ring that even the bullfighters put their capes before their eyes!

We saw a lot of men and girls in native Castilian costume there and a few with high combs and mantillas. But the majority of the women were in ordinary clothes.

When I think of Portugal I see brown and purple hills, white houses with red roofs, cloudless blue skies and roads of sand yellow, orchards of small crooked olive trees and quantities of cork trees. Whereas Northern Spain has flat yellow spaces extending for miles, herds of sheep, an occasional solitary figure against the horizon, almost no trees and clusters of bare cold-looking houses forming a desolate village.

(To be continued)



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1926



CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JULY 13, 1926

## The Fire Department Plea

Next week is "Fire Department Week" in Carmel. Efforts will be made during the seven days by members of the fire department of this city to obtain sufficient money from the merchants and property owners to bring the social fund of the organization up to its necessary proportions.

As the men in the department receive absolutely nothing in pay for the services they render, either when called to duty or otherwise, it is felt necessary to provide some social privileges in connection with the organization. To this end a room has been set apart in the fire house on Sixth avenue and there from half a dozen to twenty of the men are congregated between eight o'clock and midnight. This gives Carmel a fire department "on duty", and at hours when the average citizen is not available and the fire menace is most threatening.

It is for the purpose of assuring a continuance of these social privileges, a satisfactory maintenance of this place of gathering in the fire house, and equipment for the entertainment of the men there that the fire department is asking the people of Carmel to help it swell its social fund.

If the citizens and property owners of this city were ever presented with a logical, sensible and expedient proposition for the welfare of the community generally this, most certainly, is it.

Donations to this fund, which should have the dignity of a finer word than "donations", can be made through the mail to R. F. Ohm, secretary of the Fire Department, Box 32, Carmel, or can be sent to The Cymbal. This newspaper is doing the best it can in its young and uncertain life with a contribution of ten dollars, and will next week print the list of contributors up to next Tuesday night.

## An "Author" Unsung

There visited Carmel last week for the brief space of an hour a man, who, if such things were measured, would be found to have written more manuscript for public consumption in the past twenty years than any other person in California. Last year his output was staggering in volume and it is safe to say that he was more avidly read than any other writer in the country. But his name never appeared at the head of the columns upon columns of his stuff. He is unknown to fame outside the narrow circle of his associates.

He is Eugene Bowles, more familiarly known in his professional world as "Gene",

and for one of those oft-recurring detours in the lives of newspapermen, he is at present acting as representative of the Racing Board Campaign Committee whose object it is to convince the voters of California that a bill to permit horse racing under the Pari-Mutuel system would tend to the furtherance of the harmless joy of the people. He is doing that now, but it won't be many months before he is back at a desk in a newspaper office turning out more copy to the square inch than any other man or woman on the staff.

Because Gene Bowles does just that better than anything else to which he might turn his hand; he does it better than any other newspaperman we know.

It makes absolutely no difference to Gene Bowles what his subject might be. He does not quarrel with subjects. He does not quibble about the material available on the subject. He does not concern himself with the nature or the source of his information. He gets his stuff and he writes it; writes it completely and exhaustively. When he is through there is nothing more to be said, and more has been said by him than appears as the result of the labor of his brothers on competing newspapers.

Last year, commencing in January and continuing into September, with hardly a let-up except that which was temporarily adopted as an opportune newspaper policy, Gene Bowles "did" Dorothy Ellingson for the readers of the San Francisco Call. He did her exclusively except for feature articles written by some of the wise, by-line members of the staff, who philosophized on Dorothy to the quiet amusement and silent contempt of Bowles. He did her completely. A seventeen-year-old girl had killed her mother. Only the Preparedness Day bomb explosion of ten years previous had vied with that as a big news story in San Francisco—the catastrophe of 1906 had been too generally devastating to be properly handled. But for an afternoon newspaper, which carries the journalistic acrobatics of William Randolph Hearst to the highest point of its exemplification, the story of Dorothy Ellingson was—well, it was a "knock-out"! In every other newspaper office half the inside staff was set to work on the thing. On the Call the story was passed to Bowles and the city editor all but washed his hands of it. It was scarcely touched by any other re-write man. Gene Bowles wrote an average of two columns a day, with a new lead for each of the six daily editions, with two or three lengthy "inserts" during the day, and he continued this for four months or more. He did it without excite-

ment, without manifest fervor, without apparent concern. The final week of Dorothy Ellingson found Bowles no less calm, no more flurried than the first day had found him.

And he did this without moving from his desk in the Call editorial rooms from the time he reached it at 7 o'clock in the morning until he left it at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. From every section of the city reporters telephoned in their facts to Bowles and into every section Bowles sent his own telephone calls for information. Only in quarrels with dilatory telephone operators did he lose the even tenor of his journalistic way.

More than 400,000 persons each day read Bowles, avidly; with their bloodthirsty curiosity they read him. And they never knew whom they read. Yet Gene Bowles, star re-write man on the San Francisco Call in 1925, was the most voluminous single creator of entertainment and interest in California.

He is not a man of physical personality; he will forgive us if we say he is insignificant in appearance. He is small of stature; much below the average. Life is neither important nor vastly interesting to him. He considers it something of a joke. But he does what is set before him, no matter how large a thing it may be. And he cleans the desk completely. There are no scraps or loose ends lying about when Bowles hands the copy boy the final sheet and sits back to find diversion.

This is a "constructive editorial".

## "HAMLET" AT STANFORD

"Hamlet" in modern dress—or should it be: "Hamlet in Modern Dress"?—will be produced at the assembly hall of Stanford University on Friday evening of this week by the Stanford Dramatic Council and with Lester Vail (Lester Seib, '22) in the leading role.

Vail, who made stage history at Stanford while in college, met with success on Broadway last season as the leading man for Helen Menken in "The Mckropoulos Secret".

Seats at seventy-five cents and one dollar may be obtained by writing to Robert Cecil, dramatic manager, Stanford University.

## MODERN MUSIC BY MISS DENNY

An evening of modern music was held on Tuesday of last week at the new studio of Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous on Lincoln street. Miss Denny, who is an accomplished pianist, gave a program which included numbers by Henry Cowell, Bela Bartok and Schoenberg. She also played compositions of Bach and Chopin. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Legendre, Tilly Polak, Zanetta Catlett, Stanley Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Mr. and Mrs. Hendrik Hagemeyer.